THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS

CHARLES TELLIER, INVENTOR OF COLD STORAGE

THE REV. HANNIBAL GOODWIN, INVENTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM

ELI WHITNEY, INVENTOR OF THE COTTON GIN

DR. RUDOLF DIESEL, INVENTOR OF ONE, THE GREATEST OF ENGINES

A MAN whose temper was quick and whose thumbs were thick used to indulge in violent language every time his wife called upon him to button her waist up the back. He had a hard time getting the hooks into the eyes, and even after he had them all adjusted there was no telling when some of them would get loose.

One day after he had nearly all of them fastened his wife wriggled a bit and most of the hooks came loose.

"I wish some darn fool would invent a hook that would stay hooked," said the husband after he had uttered some things that are unnecessary to repeat.

"Why don't you?" asked the wife, not satirically nor because she thought he was a fool, but for her own peace of mind and to save him annoyance.

"I will some day when I have a few minutes to spare," he declared.

And he did. From a simple device which he patented and put on the market he has made nearly $2,000,000.

What a contrast this case is to that of Charles Tellier, who died the other day. Tellier's whole life was one of poverty and struggle. More than once he was cast into prison for debt. He died of starvation, being too poor to buy enough food to sustain life, yet no man in all the history of the world did more to conserve the food supply of the human race than did Charles Tellier.

He was the inventor of cold storage. Other men have been made rich through his genius. Hundreds of millions of dollars are saved each year through the process he developed. But for him great cities such as New York, London, Paris and Berlin would be in danger of famine if cut off from their sources of food supply through a great storm or the interruption of their lines of communication.

New York, so far as its fresh food is concerned, lives from day to day, says the New York Sun. In 1888, when it was tied up by a blizzard, most of the food within the city had been consumed before 72 hours had passed. Another 72 hours would have meant much suffering. Today, with a tremendous increase in population, its position is one of comparative safety. It carries in cold storage enough food to support it for weeks.

And yet Charles Tellier died of starvation!

France was responsible for Tellier, but every nation was his debtor. He was born in Amiens. More than 40 years ago, after being released from a debtor's prison, he perfected a system for the preservation of meats, vegetables and fruits. Thirty-seven years ago a ship equipped with his cold storage appliance was at sea for more than 100 days and brought its cargo of meat into port as fresh as the day it was put aboard.

Some inventors are careless. Many of them lack business ability. Tellier's ideas were appropriated by clever men who thought only of using them to their own advantage without feeling any sense of obligation to the inventor. Some of them laughed or scoffed at him when he protested that they were robbing him of his rights.

Sensitive and proud he tried to hide his bitterness and sought solace in working on other great inventions for the good of mankind. It takes money to prosecute studies and experiments, and Tellier had little of it. One day some one reproached the French government for its neglect of Tellier, who was in dire want. The government acted promptly. It gave the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to him. This was a fine thing to do for an old man, nearly all of whose clothes and furniture were in pawn.

The news of Tellier's death last month stirred all France. The people may have neglected Tellier alive, but they honored him dead. His funeral was a national event. Great men delivered eulogies of him. And now France is to put up a monument to him as one of its greatest sons. He has monuments in the shape of industrial plants and ships the world over.

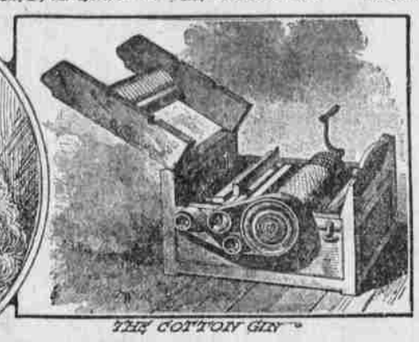
About the same time that Tellier was dying Rudolf Diesel, one of the greatest inventors Germany has produced, fell or cast himself from the deck of a ship on which he was a passenger. He was a broken-hearted bankrupt—a genius without business sense. His engine is in use in every quarter of the globe. Next to Watt he is ranked by some as the greatest figure in the development of power. For all the good he did in the advancement of science and industry his reward was small indeed. Harassed by creditors, by his urgent needs, his life had been one of misery for years.

The tragedy of great inventors is not confined to France or Germany. The United States has more cases perhaps than Europe. It is seldom that a genius is able to protect himself in a worldly way. It is only after he is dead that the world begins to appreciate his full worth. Sometimes even that is lacking.

Without the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin photography would not have been developed to the extent it is today. Without him it is doubtful if there would be motion pictures today, yet it is a question whether any of the great producers of the photo play who have made millions upon millions of dollars in the last ten years or one person out of ten thousand of those who go to see the "movies" know of Hannibal Goodwin and his work.

The Rev. Mr. Goodwin was pastor of a little church in Newark. His pay was small, barely enough to support his family. He was a great big, kindly man. Nature intended him for a scientist. Conditions made him a clergyman. He looked after his little flock, visited the sick and helped the poor and did his full duty, but he loved to climb to the garret of his little house and work out problems in chemistry.

ELIAS HOWE, INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE



THE COTTON GIN

When he got into that garret he forgot the world. His wife or his daughter might call him and he might answer mechanically, but it is doubtful if he heard them. He would forget his meals, possibly some engagement, so absorbed would he become. Sometimes he would climb into the garret early Sunday morning and when hours later he would appear in the pulpit his hands would be stained with the chemicals he had been using. Once he went into the pulpit with his vestments discolored by the acids. He did not know it.

In that garret the preacher-scientist developed the photographic film.

Success with his invention brought sorrow to the clergyman. It was in 1887 that he completed his work on the film. Whatever his dreams of fortune they were shattered. A photographic company attempted to prevent Goodwin from obtaining a patent. The company was rich. The clergyman was poor. A man who is poor has a tremendous handicap in such a legal fight as the one that followed. A rich corporation can hire lawyers of fine ability. The law is very slow.

The suit became a fearful burden to the preacher. Year after year the case dragged on. When the case had been in the courts 13 years the Rev. Mr. Goodwin died. He was poor. He would not have been so poor had he never invented the photographic film. Possibly the struggle to carry on the suit and to gain what he believed was his own shortened his life.

After the clergyman died his rights to the film were sold to a company. His widow got stock in this concern in return for the sale of the invention. Years passed and the lawsuit went from court to court. A few months ago—26 years after the Goodwin invention was perfected—a decision was handed down supporting all of the Goodwin claims and declaring the company that had fought the clergyman from the first to be infringing the Hannibal Goodwin patent.

What does triumph mean at this late day? Hannibal Goodwin's widow is past eighty. His daughter is sixty years old. Money cannot compensate them for all the years that are gone, the years of disappointment, hope deferred and of poverty. And even now they may not get the money.

It will not sadden the aged widow if she never gets a dollar from the film her husband created.

"Great expectations," she says, "makes one's life discontented. We have taken this matter philosophically. We have expected little. With this decision rendered we still expect little or nothing."

The one great satisfaction she has and that counts more than money is the vindication of all that was claimed in behalf of her husband as the man who gave the film to the world.

Alexander Graham Bell will go down in history as the inventor of the telephone and comparatively little space will be given to Daniel Drawbaugh, yet Bell and Drawbaugh filed their patent papers the same day, and after eight years of litigation, in which some of the greatest lawyers in American were engaged, three justices of the Supreme court of the United States supported Drawbaugh's claim to priority and four supported Bell. By the narrow margin of one vote Bell was made rich and Drawbaugh continued poor.

Bell came on his invention by chance, Drawbaugh by laborious study. Bell had every advantage in an educational way. Drawbaugh worked for years in his father's blacksmith shop. Most of his life Drawbaugh was hard pressed for money. His workshop was an old tumbledown shack known as Eberly's mills. There he labored year in and year out. He practically died in harness, for he worked on the day he died and he then was eighty-four years old.

He invented 500 articles that have been of value to the world at large, but he got little money out of them.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was lucky in escaping the poorhouse. He came from a family of inventors. His uncle, William Howe, invented the truss bridge and his uncle, Tyler Horne, invented the spring bed.

Elias Howe was lame, lazy and shiftless. For years after he married his wife supported him and their children by sewing. His wife's patient industry no doubt led him to think of ways to lighten her toil and the sewing machine was the result. When he took out his patent he sold a half interest in it for $500 to the man from whom he rented a garret. Eleven days after the granting of the patent he assigned the other half interest over to his father, nominally for $1,000, but really to satisfy claims for small sums the father had given to him.

To support his family he became a locomotive engineer. He was not much of a success as an engineer and lost his job. That was fortunate, although he did not think so at the time.

His brother had been sent to England to introduce the sewing machine and thought he was doing a wonderful piece of business when he sold the English rights for $1,250. There was one saving clause in that bill of sale. It provided that the inventor should get $15 for every machine sold.

Elias Howe with his wife and three children followed his brother to England. He got work at $15 a week at manufacturing his own machines. He was so incompetent as a worker that he was discharged. For two years he was poverty stricken and only escaped jail in England by taking the poor debtor's oath. Through the charity of a sea captain he and his family were brought back to America.

Two weeks after his return his wife died owing to the privation to which she had been subjected. Destitute and forlorn Howe drifted about from place to place. His father took pity on him and reconveyed the half interest in the patent to Elias. Then Howe took advantage of the fact that various persons were infringing on his patent and sued them. For four years the suits dragged along. Howe won most of them and collected $15,000 in one instance. With this money he repurchased the half interest he had sold to the owner of the garret for $500.

That was one of the few sensible things he ever did in a business way. When he died in 1867 at the age of forty-eight he left $2,000,000.

Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. He was a New Englander who went south, and on the plantation of Gen. Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame saw the slaves separating the lint from the cotton seed by hand. Few things that came from the brain of many have worked a greater revolution than the cotton gin. Without injury to the fiber it cuts the lint from the seed and piles it into the frame in which later it is baled.

From his invention, which may be classed as one of the ten most important in history, Whitney never got a dollar of profit. Immediately upon the introduction of the gin dozens of persons pirated the invention. Whitney tried to protect his legal rights and soon became involved in a lot of lawsuits. Some of them he won without much trouble, some of the more important were carried from court to court and were dragged on interminably.

The affair became one of the scandals of the time. Mr. Whitney, disgusted with the protracted and expensive litigation, nearly at the end of his financial resources and despairing of ever getting justice in the courts, determined to let the world have the benefit of his invention without profit to himself. The state of Georgia in recognition of what it had benefited through the gin voted $50,000 to him. That did not cover the legal costs, the lawyers' fees and the time he had given to the creation of the gin, but with this money he embarked in business in New England in the manufacture of firearms, and made enough money to live in comparative ease.

NAME WAS STRANGE TO HIM

Frenchman Could Recall Nothing of One of the Greatest Statesmen of His Race.

Painters are notoriously lacking in the bump of reverence, says the London Telegraph. One of the long-haired tribe of "blaguers" happened to be spending a day or two at Castres, the birthplace of the great M. Jaures, and got into conversation with a relative over his aperitif at the cafe. The loyal Castrian vaunted the glory of his city. "Our city," he said, "produces the best billiard table in France. It has also"—and here he lowered his voice reverently—"given birth to M. Jaures."

"Jaures! Jaures!" mused the shameless painter, "who's he?"

"You don't mean to say you don't know Jaures?" gasped his interlocuter; and the painter, as if with dawning comprehension, replied: "Oh, you mean Jorris, the man who won the race through Paris some years ago?"

It was too much for the patriotic citizen, who rose in disgust and left the cafe. A few minutes later the painter saw him in earnest conversation with several other local worthies on the pavement opposite. All gazed in amazement at the strange mortal who did not know Jaures. Imagine a Cockney at Criccieth who knew not Lloyd-George, and you have a fair parallel.

Two Partners.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired, and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money.

"All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish."

"Stop a little," said the first. "Perhaps you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."

ART BUG AT PHONE

Pad and Pencil Microbe Lurks in Every Booth.

Few Persons Are Immune; Works While One Talks—What Do You Draw While Waiting for Your Number? Asks Writer.

What kind of things do you draw?

Or, are you one of the numeral or word artists?

Do you make wiggles? Do you make faces (not your own, that is)? Do you produce architectural or geometric designs, or merely arabesques?

Whether you answer or not, remarks the New York World, it is a dead certainty that you do one of these things. Probably you're unconscious of the fact, but you're one of the million and more telephone booth artists who are the involuntary slaves of a masterbug which lives in every telephone booth in the city.

Just think a moment and call to mind the last time you were in a booth with a pencil and a bit of paper handy. Don't you recall that you had to wait while "central" was getting the number? What did you do in the interval?

You needn't answer; you took up the pencil and began to draw or to make curlicues or figures, perhaps to write a name. You do it every time you get into a booth. In nine cases out of ten you continue the art work during your conversation, too.

Whoever is skeptical need only go, for example, to the Hotel Knickerbocker and watch the people in the booths there. There are eight telephone compartments and each is provided with a pad and pencil placed in the booths to facilitate notemaking, but it may be that a farsighted management was aware of the "bug" and promptly supplied the means for its culture.

The matter of this "telephone bug" was referred to no less an authority upon quirks of the mind than Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, the alienist. He recognized it at once. He even said that he himself was a victim.

"I firmly believe that nearly every one who uses a telephone," he said, "is given to scribbling or writing or drawing or figuring on a bit of paper if it be handy. I always do it myself if the conversation be at all prolonged. It's a curious mental process. Really it's a dual operation of the mind. When a man is waiting, for instance, for a telephone number his conscious mind is directed attentively to waiting for the answer at the other end. His subconscious hand disengages itself, and if the pencil and pad be there it turns to them. There is no diminution in the intentness of the conscious mind while the hand is busy tracing the figures or what not upon the paper. It is just that the mind is capable of doing two things at once and gives a demonstration of its ability.

"The things persons produce on paper at such a time may be most carefully executed, but the execution does not in any way hamper a thoroughly rational attention to the conversation or communication taking place. The drawings really make practically no impression on the mind, and I'd venture to say that not one man in a hundred could tell you after leaving the booth what he had drawn or written on the pad. It does not register on the mind, you see. The mind—that is, the subconscious mind, is focused on the conversation and is far too intent to be distracted by the other operation.

"Some persons draw, others merely scribble. I generally set down figures —1, 2, 3, 4, and then write them in reverse order. Often I go to the very edge of the paper with the string of digits. It's a mental process which rarely has anything to do with the conversation—that is, the figures or scrawls or drawings bear no pictorial relation to the subject of the talk.

"I believe, however, that these subconscious deductions bear some relation to the character of the individual, just as does handwriting. If, say, 500 examples could be collected and placed in the hands of an expert in handwriting I think he could resolve the producers into distinct classes, as it were. I think that the traits of the individual might be found to show in the drawings. They are produced with even less thought than one must give to the formation of characters in writing, because the conscious mind is busy with the talking, but it seems to me that they might show the characteristics of the makers."

The care with which some are executed is indicative of the care with which the accompanying telephone conversation was carried on, because it has been found that the more important the talk the more carefully the subconscious mind worked.

Now, the next time you go into a telephone booth just see if you don't grab the pencil and get to work.

Everglades of Florida.

The region down in Florida known as the "Everglades" is not as yet available for cultivation, although it is understood that an attempt is being made by the state to reclaim the territory. The region is 70 miles long and 60 wide, the water being from one to six feet deep, studded thickly with ridges, or islands, from one-fourth of an acre to hundreds of acres in extent. Out of the water grows a rank grass, from six to ten feet high. The vegetable deposits of the Everglades are enormous, and beyond a doubt the great swamp, when thoroughly drained, will produce amazing crops, especially of bananas and plantains and other sub-tropical fruits.

Superlatives in Advertising.

Japanese advertisers believe in a lavish use of superlatives. "The paper we sell," runs the announcement in a Tokyo stationer's window, "is as solid as the hide of an elephant." "Step inside!" is the invocation of a big multiple shop in the same city. "You will be welcomed as fondly as a ray of sunshine after a rainy day. Our assistants are as amiable as a father seeking a husband for a doweress daughter. Goods are dispatched to customers' houses with the rapidity of a shot from the cannon's mouth."

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HUNT

WOLF HOUNDS

WHEN it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest for a fortnight of Prince Golitzine, the Master of the Russian Imperial Hunt, I knew that I had an interesting time before me. Leaving the Warsaw station in St. Petersburg, a three-quarters of an hour's run sufficed to cover the distance to Gatchina, some thirty odd miles, where are situated the imperial kennels. Gatchina, it may be mentioned, is a garrison town, adjoining which is the magnificent park in which are situated the prince's hunting box, the kennels and a fine set of buildings housing the hunt staff. Without doubt the most interesting feature of the kennels is the magnificent pack of wolfhounds, more commonly known in England as Borzois writes a correspondent of Country Life. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world so large and fine a collection exists, there being all told some sixty couple; in addition also are twenty couple of English foxhounds, not used in their normal capacity, but in connection with the hunting of the wolf. Besides these are to be found eight couple of very handsome bearhounds, massive animals of a breed which is rapidly becoming extinct. Within a few hundred yards of the kennels are to be found the stables, in which are kept about one hundred horses used both for riding purposes and for the troika.

Big Bison Preserves.

One of the most interesting and unique features, however, in connection with the hunt is the bison preserves, one of the very few in existence and probably the finest, since the animals thrive so much in their natural surroundings that they breed freely, and thus maintain their numbers and high standard. The preserve contains over a hundred of these fine animals.

What strikes the visitor to Russia in the hugeness of everything. The statues, the streets and the spaces all are vast. Then most other undertakings are carried out in a big way, and a pheasant shoot is no exception to this. It is nothing out of the ordinary for forty to fifty sleighs to be in commission to convey guns and beaters from point to point. It should be mentioned that the distances from one beat to another on the royal preserves are often very great. The average bag on a royal shoot may number anywhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand cocks, the hens are never shot. The imperial pheasant shoot is most picturesque, the costumes and cries of the beaters making it particularly unique.

The Wolf Hunt.

The royal estate is well stocked with hares, mostly imported from Ireland. At the same time, they assume a white coat in the winter, as do their native brethren. Both foxes and lynx are to be occasionally found in these parts, and are much prized when bagged, but they are gradually becoming scarcer, and to hunt them with any certainty of sport means traveling into wilder and more rugged portions of the country. The same also may be said of the wolf, and to hunt him now means a considerable journey from the kennels. Some years ago these hunts were carried out on a magnificent scale, special trains being chartered for the convenience of the huge army of guests, beaters and keepers. Most of these big trips have, however, been dropped since the revolution in 1905. The method adopted to hunt the wolf is interesting. The hunt takes place only in the winter months. After the place where the animal is lying up has been located by his tracks that part of the forest is "ringed" off and preparations made. The field remain mounted in the vicinity, most of them holding three Borzoi hounds apiece in the slips. Foxhounds are now thrown into the forest to make him break covert, and then is to be heard a medley of sounds and cries strange to the English ear. At last a rustle is heard, and as the wolf breaks covers the three Borzois most conveniently placed are slipped on to him. After this follows an exciting rough and tumble gallop for the field. Should the quarry to be able to stay for two miles, he will probably have shaken off the Borvois by that time. In most instances, however, they pull him down, and although unable to hold him, can make some little impression on his tough skin. On the arrival of the first horseman he is dispatched or, as is more often done nowadays, he is tied up and muzzled. Then he is carted away and, after being on view for two or three days, is once more released.

Generally speaking, an old wolf can beat hounds on equal terms in most instances, so on some occasions slightly different tactics are adopted, the field sitting in their troika sleighs in which the Borzois are concealed at various points around the forest. As soon as he breaks covert the troikas start off, chasing him over the snow perhaps for as many as twenty miles before showing signs of distress, then at the right moment hounds will be slipped on to him from the troika. By these methods, of course, the hound is given a great advantage. Prince Golitzine relates how on one occasion, after hunting an old warrior for thirty miles apparently half-dead and with bleeding mouth and drooping ears he took a new lease of life and managed to outdo three freshly-slipped hounds. This gives some idea of the marvelous staying power of the wolf.

It may be mentioned that in Russia the fox and the lynx are both shot, first of all being ringed in the same manner as the wolf, and it is a curious sight to see the beaters in their grey overcoats lined with sheepskin and wearing snow-shoes if the snow lies deep. The guns take up their positions at about eighty yards apart, each placed behind a white screen, matching the snow as nearly as possible. As soon as all is ready the shooting begins and the hunt is started. The gun that secures a fox or lynx on such a beat may consider himself lucky. Elk and bear are sometimes found in this district, though they are now becoming very scarce.

In connection with the hunt and in an adjoining park are to be found wapiti, red and roe deer. The czar, as is well known, is a lover of all kinds of sport. Duties of state, however, allow him comparatively few opportunities. Of one kind of sport he is particularly fond, and that is of shooting the capercailzie in the spring.

His Acting.

Walker Whiteside, in his barnstorming days heralded as "the only actor who ever played Hamlet at Hamlet's age," has in late years come into his own, and those who once laughed at his presumption now bow to his artistry, so it can do no harm to recall an old Eugene Field pun at his expense.

When Field was on the staff of the Denver Times young Whiteside passed that way on one of his boy Hamlet tours, and the gentle humorist wrote of him: "Mr. Walker Whiteside acted 'Hamlet' at the Tabor Grand last night. He acted till 12 o'clock."

Its Kind.

"That was a paradoxical sort of revenge his enemies took on Smith."

"In what way?"

"They cooked up a scheme to touch him on the raw."

Making Sauce of Roselle.

Roselle, the red sorrel of the West Indies, which was introduced a few years ago into the southern states, is a plant, the flowers of which have fleshy calyces from which a sauce that looks like cranberry sauce, as well as syrup, jelly and preserves are made. In the Philippine islands a canning factory has just begun making roselle sauce. It was thought until very recently that the calyces were the only edible part of the plant, but the United States department of agriculture announces that also the leaves and young stems yield palatable products.

Gotham Is Interested.

A wealthy woman of Chicago announces an intention to adopt and to raise in one household as an equal family 15 children chosen from as many races. Negroes, Arabs, Chinese, Semites, Malays, are to be included, as well as members of the various Aryan peoples. It is the expectation of the foster mother that they will grow up as brothers and sisters and that she will have an impartial love for them all.

As the Chicago family is designed to test the effect of environment in shaping the characters of children of different races, it is to be regretted it cannot be tried out under better conditions than are now possible. The foster mother may teach equality in the home, but when the young playmates go out upon the streets and to the public schools, how will it fare with the home teaching against the almost universal prejudices of those they will meet there?—New York World.

Circles.

"What are 'diplomatic circles?'" asked the girl who was reading the newspaper.

"There are different kinds. One prominent style of diplomatic circle is the conversation which keeps getting around to precisely where it began."

Mean Suggestion.

Starcraze—In my coming tour, I am going to be supported by my wife.

Criticus—That's exactly what her family told her she could expect if she married you.